



AN ELEGY

On the Death of the Right Honourable
JOHN Earl of RADNOR,
 Viscount Bodmin, and Baron of TREURO; &c. who Expir'd, July the 17th. 1685.

Moribus Antiquis Res stat Romana Viresq; Enn apud Cicer. in lib. 6. de Rep.

SO falls an Aged Oak, which long hath stood,
 The Joy and Glory of the Humbler Wood;
 Till with much Toil and with much Worship Sate,
 It measures Earth in Service of the State,
 Either for Shipwrack or some Noble Fate.
 What a Carrier of Honour hast thou run?
 What Wreaths each Moment of thy Life hast won?
 Thy Life, which, tho' extended out in Length,
 Was yet hem'd with Compactness and Strength?
 No Month, no Day, no Hour, no Minute free
 From Thought and Labour cou'd we find in thee.
 Thy very Recreations were such,
 We thought them Bus'ness, or full worth as much.
 Yet still Devotion and Philosophy,
 Had their due Hours allotted 'em by thee:
 State-craft did ne'r barr-out Divinity.

To this, th' Hibernian Province sets it's hand,
 Which *Thou with so much Praise didst once Command
 There, the Illustrious Bards will thee rehearse,
 To After-ages in their Noble Verse;
 Relate thee with each Grace and Virtue fraught,
 Serene thy Looks, Serene thy Life and Thought;
 With what just Care thou didst the Timon hold,
 Neither too Superstitious, nor too Bold:
 And when they've said all which they can say more,
 Tho' ll Curse their Language scandalously poor.

This will the Laws Municipal attest,
 Who Thee their mighty Conquerour confest:
 That Ocean, which others Boundless find,
 Was Coasted all and Fathom'd by thy mind.

No private Creek escap'd thy watchful Eye,
 But thou the in-most Shores didst all Espie,
 Where undiscover'd Golden-Worlds might lye.
 Even Senate-Precedents to thee did yield
 A Fruitful Prospect in a Barren Field.

All this thou didst devoutly for the Crown:
 Thy Loyal Deeds intirely were thine own.
 No base alloy of Interest spoiled the Coyne:
 The Royal Stamp grew in [thine Heart] the Mine.
 From *that High Place thine House no Riches bore:
 Only thy self wert wealthier than before,
 In Conscious Satisfaction good Store.

Farewell, great man: And while our Councils stand,
 Their Sense Collected by Judicious hand,
 Summ'd up with Application, to attain
 The Sacred Judgment of the Sovereign;
 Then will our God-like Princes think of *Thee,
 Vigour, Advantage, and Humility,
 And Honour, thus, thy Everlasting Memory.

FINIS

This may be Printed, R. L. S.
 July the 23th. 1685.